

[6.]

Prologue and Epilogue, TO THE LAST NEW PLAY; Constantine the Great.

PROLOGUE, Spoken by Mr. Goodman:

What think ye meant Wise Providence, when first
 POETS were made? I'de tell you if I durst,
 That 'twas in Contradiction to Heaven's Word,
 That when its Spirit o're the Waters stir'd,
 When it saw All, and said that All was good,
 The Creature POET was not understood
 For were it worth the pains of Six long Days,
 To Mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays,
 That starve out Three-score Years in Hopes of Bays.
 'Tis plain they ne're were of the First Creation,
 But came by meer Equiv'cal Generation,
 Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
 As hated too, as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing POETS, less by POETS known.
 Yet this Poor Thing so scorn'd, and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought,
 Disabl'd wasting Whore-Masters, are not
 Prouder to own the Brats they never got;
 Then Fumbling Itching Rhimers of the Town,
 To Adopt some base Born Song that's not their own.
 Spite of his State, my Lord sometimes Descends,
 To please the Importunity of Friends.
 The dullest He thought most for business fit,
 'Twill Venture his bought Place, to Aim at Wit.
 And though He sinks with His Imploys of State,
 Till Common Sense forsake Him, He'll Translate
 The POET and the WHORE, alike Complains
 Of Trading Quality, that spoils their Gains;
 The Lords will Write, and Ladies will have Swains.
 Therefore all you, who have Male Issue born,
 Under the Starving Sign of CAPRICORN;
 Prevent the Malice of their Stars in Time,
 And warn them Early from the Sin of Rhime.
 Tell 'em how Spencer starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's Faith and Service was return'd;
 And if such Warning they refuse to take,
 This last Experiment, O Parents make!
 With Hands behind them see the Offender ty'd,
 The Parish Whip, and Beadle by his Side.
 Then lead him to some Stall that does Expose
 The Authors he loves most, there rub his Nose,
 Till like a Spannel lasht, to know Command,
 He by the due Correction understand,
 To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land.
 Till he against his Nature learn to strive,
 And get the Knack of Dulness how to Thrive.

A
 EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. COOK;

O U R *Hero's* Happy in the Plays Conclusion,
The Holy Rogue at last has met Confusion;
Tho' *Arrius* all along appear'd a Saint,
The last Act shew'd him a True Protestant:
Eusebius (for you know I Read Greek Authors)
Reports, That after all these Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of *CONSTANTINE* was full of Glory,
And every *TRIMMER* turn'd Addressing *TORT*:
They Followed Him in Herds as they were Mad,
When *CAUSE* was King then all the World was Glad:
WHIGGS kept the Places they Possess'd before,
And most were in a Way of Getting more;
Which was as much as to say ——— *Gentlemen,*
Here's Power and Money to be ROGUES agen.
Indeed there were a sort of peaking Tools,
(Some call 'em Modest, but I call 'em Fools,
Men much more *Loyal*, though not half so *Loud*,)
But these Poor Devils were Cast *Behind* the Crowd.
For Bold Knaves Thrive without one Grain of Sense,
But Good Men Starve for want of Impudence.
Besides all these there were a sort of Wights,
I think my Authour calls 'em *Teckelites*:
Such hearty Rogues against the King and Laws,
They favour'd even a Forreign Rebell's Cause.
When their own Damn'd Design was quasht and aw'd,
At last they gave it their Good Word abroad;
As many a Man, who for a quiet life,
Sends out his Bastard, not to Nose his Wife:
Thus o're their Darling *Treasure Trimmers* Cry,
And though they dare not Her, it wants Supply,
They Bind it Prentice to Count *TECKELER*.
They believe not the last *PLOT*, may I be Curst,
If I believe, they e're believ'd the first.
No Wonder their own *PLOT*; no *PLOT* they think,
The Man that makes it never Smells the *STINK*.
And now it comes into my Mind, I'll tell,
Why those Damn'd *Trimmers* love the *TURK* so well;
Th' Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no Man,
Yet in his heart Ador'd a pretty Woman:
He knew that *MAHOMET* laid up for Ever
Kind Black-Ey'd Rogues for ev'ry True Believer.
And which was more then Mortal Man e're Tasted,
One Pleasure that for Threescore Twelve-Months lasted:
To Turn for this may surely be Forgiven,
Who'd not be Circumcis'd for such a *HEAVEN*?

[7]

A TRUE COPPY OF THE EPILOGUE TO

CONSTANTINE the GREAT.

That which was first Published being false printed
and surreptitious.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

O Ur Hero's happy in the Plays Conclusion,
 The holy Rogue at last has met Confusion :
 Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,
 The last Act shew'd him a true Protestant.
Eusebius, (for you know I read Greek Authors,)
 Reports, that after all these Plots and Slaughters,
 The Court of *Constantine* was full of Glory,
 And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addressing *Tory* ;
 They follow'd him in Heards as they were mad :
 When *Claude* was King, then all the World was glad.
Whigs kept the Places they possess'd before,
 And most were in a Way of getting more ;
 Which was much as saying, Gentlemen,
 Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.
 Indeed there were a sort of peaking Tools,
 Some call them Modest, but I call 'em Fools,
 Men much more Loyal, tho' not half so loud ;
 But these poor Devils were cast behind the Croud.
 For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Sence,
 But good men starve for want of Impudence.
 Besides all these, there were a sort of Wights,
 (I think my Author calls them *Teckelites* ;)
 Such hearty Rogues, against the King and Laws,
 They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cause.
 When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd,
 At least they gave it their good Word abroad.
 As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
 Breeds out his Bastard, not to nose his Wife ;
 Thus o're their Darling Plot, these *Trimmers* cry ; }
 And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye, }
 They bind it Prentice to Count *Teckely*.
 They believe not the last Plot, may I be curst,
 If I believe they e're believ'd the first ;
 No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think ;
 The Man that makes it, never smells the Stink.
 And, now it comes into my Head, I'll tell
 Why these damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* so well.
 The Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no man,
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty Woman :
 He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever,
 Kind black-eyed Rogues, for every true Believer :
 And, which was more than mortal Man e're tasted,
 One Pleasure that for threescore Twelve-months lasted :
 To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heav'n !